

TRIBUTE TO JEFF GRIFFITH

My name is Colin McGinnis, and I am a staffer for U.S. Senator Paul Wellstone. I was a friend and colleague of Jeff's. Paul was very sad that he wasn't able to be with Jeff's family and friends here because of several longstanding commitments in Minnesota, and has asked me to be here to represent him and my Wellstone staff colleagues. Paul asked me to read a message to you from him. He writes:

"While I cannot be with you today, I send my prayers and my heartfelt sympathies to Jeff's family and friends. Jeff was one of the first members of my Senate staff. I had known him for several years, and had worked with him on the Reverend Jesse Jackson's Presidential campaign and on the Rainbow Coalition's other important work for justice, so I knew that when the chance came to bring him on to my staff, I should jump at the chance. I did.

"He was talented, energetic, and creative in his work, and was admired and respected by his colleagues on staff, who often came to him for advice. He was also a fierce advocate for social justice.

"As one of my press assistants, Jeff did a wonderful job under often difficult circumstances. During the sometimes chaotic days of the Gulf War crisis, Jeff helped to establish our press operation; no easy task. He was also instrumental in the founding of my "First Friday" radio show. Thanks to his hard work in laying its foundation, it has been very successful. It still provides one of the most important ways that I communicate directly with Minnesotans.

"It is not by chance that this was Jeff's idea. The direct and participatory nature of this live radio program was a hallmark of his style, which always sought to bring people, real people, into the political process, and to make sure they were heard, even above the din and background static that often passes for political debate in our country.

"Jeff had a unique gift for hearing and amplifying the voices of regular people, and lifting up those voices for people in the wider community to hear.

"He knew instinctively that communication, if it is authentic, is always two-way, that his job was not just to sell my ideas and programs and policies to those whom I represent, but also to make sure I heard what the people were saying, to heed their voices and be accountable to them—especially those who are at society's margins. He never lost sight of these people, and always struggled to do what he could to bring them in toward the center. That was one of his life's most important missions: to bring those at the margins of our society back toward the center.

"As we celebrate Jeff's life and accomplishments today, and mourn his death, my wife Sheila and I, and the members of my staff, extend our deepest sympathy and condolences to his mother, Mrs. Ella Evans, his other family members, and to all his many friends who cared so much for him. We will miss Jeff very much, and keep you all in our prayers."

I'd like to add a short personal note to Paul's letter, from my own experience working with Jeff. He was a strong, thoughtful, decent man, a person of integrity, and real commitment to people. He had a quiet grace and wisdom that was often striking. And because he had lived through his own struggles, he was always willing to listen to his friends and colleagues, in our struggles. He'd packed a lot of living into his young life, and was not unscarred by it. But that's just the point.

He knew suffering, and yet could look beyond it, redeem it, and get others to do the same. He was a wounded healer. A wounded

healer whose life reminds us of how careful we must be with one another. And this concern for people translated from Jeff's personal life into his political life. In fact, people were at the center of his vision.

He was once asked, during a particularly stressful period, why he had decided to work in the political arena, and why he was willing to put up with all the long hours and struggles and stress that sometimes accompanies political life.

Without skipping a beat, he said simply, "Because I build bridges. And Lord knows we need bridges now." I will remember him as a bridge-builder, with a warmth, generosity of spirit, sense of humor and passion for justice that is rare. I hope you will, too.

WAS CONGRESS IRRESPONSIBLE? THE VOTERS HAVE SAID YES!

Mr. HELMS. Mr. President, before contemplating today's bad news about the Federal debt, let's do that little pop quiz again. Today's question, again, is: How many million dollars are in \$1 trillion? When you arrive at an answer, bear in mind that it was Congress that ran up a debt now exceeding \$4.8 trillion.

Now then, to be exact, as of the close of business yesterday, Tuesday, March 21, the total federal debt—down to the penny—stood at \$4,843,694,087,008.02—meaning that every man, woman and child in America now owes \$18,386.75 computed on a per capita basis.

Mr. President, back to that pop quiz question, How many million in a trillion? There are a million million in a trillion; and you can thank the U.S. Congress for the monstrous Federal debt exceeding \$4.8 trillion.

TRIBUTE TO HELEN KAMM HATCH

Mr. BENNETT. Mr. President, I pay tribute today to an extraordinary woman. She was not famous. She was not wealthy. She was not formally educated. She won none of the coveted awards or accolades that we usually associate with achievement.

And yet, by anyone's measure, she was a rare and successful individual. She looked at life, both the good and the bad, and chose to shape her existence around the possible. She married and raised children in relative poverty, but taught her family what the wealth of love and hope means. She educated herself in life's classroom, constantly reading and absorbing. She reached out to those in need and gave kindness where none was expected.

Four of her nine children met early and untimely deaths. Still she looked forward. She expanded not only her mind but her many talents. She overcame challenges and embraced life's opportunities as they came, no matter what her age.

She was a woman of devout faith. Small in stature, she was large of heart and warm in spirit. Her home was a haven for friends and family.

Earlier this month, at the age of 89—and independent till her very last day—she completed her mortality. She is survived by 5 children, 39 grand-

children, 92 great-grandchildren, and 3 great, great-grandchildren.

Her name was Helen Kamm Hatch. And she was the mother of my friend and fellow colleague from Utah, Senator ORRIN G. HATCH. I am proud to be able to honor her memory. She will be sorely missed.

AN AUSPICIOUS ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Mr. KENNEDY. Mr. President, last week, friends of Ireland celebrated St. Patrick's Day in an atmosphere of hope. The guns have been silent in Northern Ireland for 6 months and it appears that the people of that conflict-torn land may at long last be on the irreversible road to peace.

Today, the British Government's Minister of State at the Northern Ireland Office, Michael Ancram, met with Loyalist paramilitary representatives, and Sinn Féin representatives and the British Government appear close to an agreement on an agenda for Ministerial talks to begin soon.

Most important, the people of Northern Ireland themselves are hopeful that this peace will last. The vast majority believe it is time to get on with talks. Irish citizens from Dublin and other parts of Ireland are traveling to Belfast in greater numbers because the fear of violence is disappearing. The people of Northern Ireland are going out in the evenings without fear of terrorist attacks. Peace is pervasive, and each day makes it harder for violence to return.

The United States has played a significant role in achieving this emerging peace, and great credit for it goes to President Clinton. He has taken risks for peace in Northern Ireland. He has embraced all those in Ireland who are willing to do the same. His foresight and judgment have been vindicated. Irish Americans congratulate him—but most of all, we thank him, and so do the people of Ireland, Protestant and Catholic alike.

The President and Mrs. Clinton hosted a reception on St. Patrick's Day at the White House which was an historic occasion itself. John Hume, John Alderdice, Gerry Adams and Gary McMichael—four men representing vastly different political views in Northern Ireland—were all in attendance. The evening was brought to a close when John Hume and Gerry Adams sang the poignant song, "The Town I Loved So Well." The final verses of the song, which is about John Hume's home town of Derry in Northern Ireland speaks to everyone who cares about this issue:

Now the music's gone but they carry on,
For their spirit's been bruised, never broken.
They will not forget, but their hearts are set
On tomorrow and peace once again.

For what's done is done, and what's won is won;

And what's lost is lost and gone forever.
I can only pray for a bright, brand new day
In the town I love so well.